UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Saving the Saviors

By HENRY R. MUSSEY

The World Unrest

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

The Church of Greece at the Present Time

By GEORGE SARANTIDES

VOLUME XC NUMBER 13

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1922 NUMBER 13

MY CANDLE.

My candle, gleaming through the night,
Will guide the Christ-child with its light—

The gentle child who wanders far
Seeking a hearth where warm fires are;

And He may falter at my door,
To ask the way; a cup implore.

A beggar wan, a drooping bird,
A poet with a song unheard

May mark the outer form He bears.
None knows the garb the Christ-child wears

As through the night He wends his way
Seeking some hearth where He may stay.

Thy candle light. Its gleam shall meet
My gleam to guide His blessed feet.

Life and Labor Bulletin. —*Gail Wilson.*

Christmas is drawing near, and with it an opportunity to subscribers and readers of UNITY to give aid and comfort to its editors by enlarging its circulation. We know that *you* value UNITY above all other papers —we know because you tell us so! But this is the season when we are reminded that we should share our joys with others. Surely *you* have a friend who would enjoy and profit from UNITY as much as you do. Why not remember him on Christmas Day with a year's subscription to this paper? Think of what this would mean to him, to you, and—to *us*. For if every friend of UNITY would thus secure for us but one new subscriber, our circulation would be doubled, our influence immeasurably increased, and our financial problem solved. A friend of ours, editor of a great national journal, recently started a campaign for a doubled subscription list by thus asking each subscriber to get another subscriber. We believe in this paper, and therefore went right out and got our new subscriber. Now won't some of you, *all* of you, dear friends, do this for us?

The Universalist Leader gives us an awful lambasting in a recent issue. Outraged by our attacks on the churches for their quick abandonment of their peace professions in the Near East crisis, especially by our article in the *Nation* on the subject, the *Leader* waxes wroth at our expense and, as usual in such cases, answers facts and arguments with epithets. With blasting scorn, with withering contempt, with ferocious fury, it calls us "Ephraim, a cake half-baked" (Hosea 7:8, King James version, "a cake not turned"). We wonder that the *Leader* did not go farther and tell its readers all the woeful things that are contained in this name of "Ephraim." In the chapter above referred to, we find mention of "the iniquity of Ephraim," his "falsehood," his "wickedness," and the charge that he is an "adulterer," "a silly dove without heart," "a deceitful bow." Then comes the condemnation of the Lord God Jehovah upon Ephraim and his partner in crime, Samaria—"Woe unto them! for they have fled from me; destruction unto them! because they have transgressed against me; though I have redeemed them, yet have they spoken lies against me." So this is what we are! Whew!! But the Editor of the *Leader* is honest, even if he is epithetical. And that's what we like about him! In this very editorial in which he chastises us not with whips merely but with scorpions, he states without a particle of shame, or a vestige of apology, that he was in favor of the last war, and will be in favor of the next war, provided of course that it comes properly disguised as a war for humanity and democracy, which we think the rulers of this world can pretty surely guarantee. All this is straightforward and sincere, and we have nothing but admiration for it. We are glad of this opportunity to repeat that, at bottom, there is really nothing that we hate but hypocrisy—especially hypocrisy of the pious order. We have never seen any reason why a church should not support war if it wants to. We simply object to a church which does this, pretending to believe in peace and thus to be a witness of Jesus Christ!

We have never been much of a hand for this shooting business. Mata-Hari is not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Edith Cavel, but the shooting of the one was quite as horrible to us as the shooting of the other. Erskine Childers seemed to us either crazy or criminal, but his death was an unpardonable offense against justice and goodwill. We are peculiar about these things, we suppose—but somehow or other we have never been able to see what good it does to pump a man's head full of blazing lead. The only time we faltered even momentarily in this conviction was when we read of the shooting of the ex-ministers of Greece in punishment for the

Turkish debacle. This also was horrible; but it seemed at least to establish the excellent precedent that war-makers should pay with their lives for the lives which their policies have exacted of the nation. Could anything be healthier than knowledge on the part of a prime-minister or president that, if he took his country into war, his own life would be forfeit? It is rather a pity, is it not, that we had to wait for Greece in 1922 to start this policy. Had it only been in vogue in 1918-1919, we should have some first-class graves today not only in Germany but also in Russia, France, England and America, instead of some more-or-less discredited politicians still making trouble for mankind. So in spite of our abhorrence of shooting, we found ourselves for the moment stirred with excited enthusiasm at the punishment of these Grecian ministers who took their helpless countrymen into the unsuccessful war against Turkey. But it was only "for the moment"! For were these ministers shot because they took Greece into *war*, or because they took Greece into an *unsuccessful* war? Would they have been shot if Greece had won! The question answers itself. We are still far from justice. This case, like others, was a thing of horror.

Three cheers for Governor Small, of Illinois, a man who gloriously belies his name! Faced by the prospect of seeing William Bross Lloyd and his communistic associations sent to prison, four years after the Armistice, under the operations of the criminal syndicalist law passed in a moment of public insanity and solemnly affirmed by the state supreme court, the Governor nullifies the law and expresses his contempt for the court by pardoning the offenders and returning them to their families for Thanksgiving Day. Here acts a true American—one who believes that, superior to all laws and all judicial decisions, is the inalienable right of the citizens of this country to enjoy freedom of thought and speech, and that it is the sworn duty of government not to abridge or restrict or deny, but to protect, this right. Would that there were more such Americans in public life! Would that there were one such in the White House at Washington as well as in the gubernatorial chambers at Springfield! Compare Harding's faltering, evasive, hypocritical policy toward the political offenders at Leavenworth with Governor Small's straightforward, clean-from-the-shoulder policy toward the convicted communists! Compare Magon dead with Lloyd alive and at large! Is not the advantage all with the Illinois executive—and not only the moral but the political advantage as well? Just here is the irony of the President's position. We have never imagined that Mr. Harding has had any convictions in this matter, but has simply been advised by his political confrères that it would not be wise for him to proclaim a general amnesty. There would be an uprising of 100 per cent Americanism that would annihilate him! Now comes Governor Small, who empties the jails of all the men convicted under the anti-syndicalist law, and we hear of no rioting, even on the part of the K. K. K. Come, come, Mr. Harding, have a little courage!

Is there a more pitiful figure in American public life today than William Howard Taft? Think of how he is destined to be remembered in history—as the man under whose leadership the presidency sank to the lowest estate since the administration of James Buchanan and the Supreme Court to the nethermost level of public regard since the days of the Dred Scott decision and the Civil War! It seems likely that President Harding will beat Mr. Taft's record of executive ineptitude and thus do something to lift the blight from the latter's presidential career; but it is unlikely that anything can happen to make Mr. Taft's record as Chief Justice grow on any day, or in any way, better and better. It must be admitted, to be sure, that Mr. Taft is not wholly responsible for what is befalling his court; the ludicrous, if not actually tragic, appointments being made by Mr. Harding are the chief explanation of the impending calamity. But it must also be admitted, from this very point of view, that William Howard Taft is himself one of these appointments, and the one of all the others which did the most, perhaps, to weaken the supreme bench. The situation is distressing, especially for those who know Mr. Taft to be a man whose personality is most likeable, whose character is unimpeachable, whose intentions and motives are of the best, and whose efforts to do the right are as tireless as they are bungling. But more than individual reputations are involved in this business. A growing distrust of courts and judges is fast reaching formidable proportions. At any moment may come an attack upon the Supreme Court which will shake it to its foundations, and perhaps sweep away its political functions altogether. Whether this would be a good or a bad thing, we do not now discuss. We simply call attention to the present plight of the most exalted institution in our government. If the Court has any friends, let them get busy in persuading the President to appoint fewer Tafts and Sutherlands and Pierces and more Holmeses and Brandeises.

Put it down to the everlasting credit of James R. Mann, of Illinois, dead in Washington on November 30th last, that he opposed the war. For a quarter of a century in the front rank of Republican leaders in the House of Representatives, a floor leader and candidate for the speakership, he was never for an instant deterred from his anti-war attitude by its temporary unpopularity. "He was unmoved by public clamor," says the New York *World*, "and unfrightened by the odds against him." In his case, of course, there was not, and indeed could not be, any slightest

suspicion of pro-Germanism. Such a charge would have been so ridiculous that we believe it was never made. Mr. Mann was simply a clear-headed, quick-witted man, peculiarly immune from tempests of emotion, cold and even cynical at times, who saw from the very start the dishonest nature of the war, its out-and-out imperialistic character, the folly and futility of American participation therein, and in addition had the courage, as many equally clear-minded men did not have, to stand by the truth, and oppose the militaristic madness that swept the land. His conduct in this crisis was patriotism of the highest order. It was furthermore an index of his essential character throughout his entire career. He was a Republican and worked with the party not because he sought any personal advantage—he never asked a favor of the machine in his life!—but because he believed sincerely in the ideas and policies for which the party stood. If he disagreed on occasion, as in the matter of the war, he stood on his own feet and took the consequences. For such a man, whatever our disagreement with his opinions on tariff, labor, and what not, we have nothing but the most profound respect. Would that there were more like him in the House. Peace to his ashes!

In a recent cable despatch to the New York *Times* (November 28, page 1), it was stated that

> "Prohibition sentiments are making rapid progress in Germany." The news item goes on to say—"In various cities great demonstrations took place lately, and village inns by many hundreds are closing weekly for lack of customers. . . . At a trial vote in Osnabrueck yesterday, 5,700 men and 6,700 women voted for prohibition and fewer than 1,000 against."

Facts like these will of course seem incredible to many Americans—as incredible as the facts that three-fourths of the people of the United States believe in the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act, and that, outside certain clearly delimited wet areas, both these measures are well enforced. They remind me of a prophecy made to us in London, that England would go prohibition in ten years; and a similar prophecy made to us in Berlin, that Germany would go prohibition in not more than twenty-five years. Prohibition sentiment is well started in Europe, exactly as it was well started in America a generation ago, and, in due time, it will produce the same results in the one place as in the other. It is the realization of this fact on the part of European liquor interests, as we pointed out some weeks ago in these columns, that explains the terrific drive under way in this country to break down the prohibition amendment and the enforcement act. This drive derives all its momentum not from domestic sources at all, but from foreign. Every manufacturer and distributor of alcoholic beverages the world around knows that, if prohibition is allowed to win out here, the globe will become dry in a quarter of a century or less. Hence a propaganda of unprecedented power in this country that beats anything that the Kaiser ever did! We wonder what so-called free American citizens, who are allowing themselves to be used in this disreputable fashion, will think of themselves some day!

The Unitarians are once again discussing the idea of changing their name. Prompted by the suggestion of our colleague, Mr. Snow, of Montreal, they are considering the desirability of calling themselves "Liberals" or "Liberal Christians." *The Christian Register* is preparing to provide space for the debate, which it anticipates will be vigorous, and itself frankly comes out in support of those who advocate the change. Brave and wise words are spoken in its issue for November 30, page 1135, as follows:

> The proposed change is difficult and involved in many technical details, but there is nothing essential blocking the way to change. . . . The day of denominations is dying. The division is present, as we have said repeatedly. It is between the conservatives and the liberals who are found in all churches. A great liberal church is coming. It will not be a presumptuous church, or a conceited church, but an open church, a free church. It will be a church inviting without any conditions whatever into its fellowship those who desire the doctrine of unity of all men. They may hold the basic belief in the unity of God . . . or they may come as a purely practical proposition, without any theological implication, for the service of mankind. For our part we would be perfectly willing to spell the name "Liberal" with a little "l."

All this is well said! It places the discussion where it properly belongs—altogether outside the question of denominational interest and profit, and on the high level of a united church. If the Unitarians can follow leadership of this type, they will not only save themselves, but contribute much to the saving of organized Christianity. As a sect, the Unitarians have no future; they are the first to suffer from the reaction against denominationalism which is now well under way, and destined in the next few years to sweep through to its logical conclusions. But as a group deliberately dedicated to a free and unified religion, they may create what their fathers created in their time—a new epoch in Christian history!

Saving the Saviors

There seems to be a widespread impression that America somehow must save Europe. Clemenceau appeals to us to stand by France and England as we stood by during the war. Countless voices cry out to us to forgive the war debts. The Near Eastern skies lower, and spokesmen of the churches egg us on to save Europe from the unspeakable Turk and to save the world for Jesus. In quieter times advocates of the League of Nations lift an admonitory finger and advise us that if only the United States will join that

organization, American idealism can be made effective all over the earth, and Europe can be saved in spite of everything.

Now we are fairly safe in asserting that if Europe is to be saved, she has got to save herself. She is entitled to all the help we can give, and every decent American will wish to give that help to the full measure of our power. He will have no sympathy with any narrow or parochial view of America's duty. But before he enlists in any new crusades, he will be likely to survey soberly the results of the one just ended, and the equipment he possesses for the new one on which he is asked to embark. If as a result he turns to prayer and supplication rather than to crusading, perhaps the consequence in the long run may not be wholly bad for a distraught world.

The idea that we are to save the world rests, apparently, on two pleasing assumptions: first, that we are very powerful; and second, that we possess a peculiar endowment of idealism and disinterestedness, of which the world at present stands very much in need. Our power may be conceded. In possession of one of the richest parts of the earth's surface, with all the resources of western industry completely at command, we emerge from the war almost unscathed, and with the other beggared governments of the world and their peoples indebted to us in a sum well above fifteen billions of dollars. We know that if we tried we could build warships and airplanes and machine guns and bombs about as fast as all the rest of the world put together. We are powerful enough, in all conscience.

But what of our other qualification? Have we a peculiar moral excellence that insures the exercise of that power in behalf of a higher state of international relations than Europe has been able to attain? We delight to think so, and some of our European friends, grasping in their eagerness at any straw, are inclined sometimes to encourage us in the idea. We think of ourselves as a peace-loving people who have solved the problems of political democracy with a success that Europe has not been able to match, who have, by means of our unique economic and social arrangements, kept the door of opportunity open to high and low as Europe has never done, and who have practised an open and honest diplomacy immeasurably removed from the devious ways of the European chancelleries.

No patriotic American and no candid observer will deny that our government and our people have acted differently from those of Europe. Nor will he deny that the comparison at many points is distinctly in our favor; but if he be honest and thoughtful, he will explain the distinctive characteristics of our history, not in terms of unique and inherent "American" qualities, but in terms of unique surrounding conditions. Inheritors of a continent tossed into our lap by the wholly undeserved kindness of Providence, for well-nigh three centuries we found our internal economic problems, and along with them our social problems, solved for us by the unthinking application of the good old rule. Every man for himself—and especially the devil take the hindmost. Separated from Europe by three thousand miles of water, and enabled by the accident of fortune to erect on the shores of our southern neighbors No Trespass signs warning off all comers but ourselves, we have never had to think or act in international affairs except as amateurs. Hence our diplomacy has appeared to us as uniquely honest and as founded on peculiarly high moral principles. In fact, we have pursued our own supposed interest in our own sweet way, as our Canadian boundary and fishery quarrels show, as despoiled Mexico can testify, and also Hawaii and the Philippines and Colombia and the Caribbean basin and Japan and China. Our much-lauded open-door policy in the last-named country, for example, was nothing more or less noble than an attempt to prevent the shutting of the door in our face. If we have acted differently from Europe, it was because we were situated differently, not because we were different. This no candid student will deny.

Nor will he deny that in these latter days, as our conditions have changed, so has our practice changed. He will note that as our capital has grown, and with it our appetite for foreign investment, so have our rulers increasingly followed the very policies by which the governors of Europe have brought that continent to its present low estate. British and French and German and Russian imperialism has run a long course, and has yielded its bitter fruit in the world war, that all may see and taste. But American imperialism is yet in its early stages. We see its beginnings—and no small beginnings they are—in Mexico and Cuba and Haiti and Santo Domingo and Nicaragua and Panama and Colombia, in alliances between our State Department and our international bankers, in discriminating merchant marine legislation and proposed shipping subsidies, in government support for hunters of oil and timber concessions and mining privileges. What Europe has lived through, we are just entering upon. Instead of learning from her disastrous example, we give every indication of following it in all its details. What is worse, instead of following it understandingly, frankly, cynically, we give promise of following it in a fog of idealism, forgetting the brute realities of oil and copra and fuel stations and trade routes. Only yesterday, with the world war but four years away, many of our churches were all set to urge our government to enter a new war, which would have been at bottom nothing else than a struggle between British and French imperialism. Will our churches never learn that there is oil

in Mosul and Baku? From such an America, who can hope for healing?

All this is not to say that the United States should wash its hands of Europe. But it is to assert that the first condition of usefulness is to face the realities of our character and our conduct, to repent in sackcloth and ashes the sin of the great war and all the years that led up to it, and to cry in all humility "God be merciful to me a sinner!" And the second condition is to think with our heads and not simply with our hearts about the situation facing us, to learn what are the necessary conditions of economic well-being as the necessary basis of social well-being for ourselves and our neighbors, and to shape our public policy accordingly. A nation that could enact a Jones Merchant Marine Act and a Fordney Tariff Act immediately upon the close of what its own war leader had plainly declared to be a commercial war is not yet fitted either by intelligence or by character to play a helpful part in the difficult task of world rebuilding, to say nothing of prescribing rules for other countries. Let the United States first learn the elementary lessons of free exchange, free trade routes, free access to essential raw materials, the right ordering of its own inner life so that it can live without preying upon its weaker neighbors. When it has learned that lesson, perhaps it will be ready to teach others, but then it may be too wise to wish to enforce its will or its "ideals" upon them. Until it has thus educated itself, however, no thoughtful man can well wish for any extension of its influence or its power; for only the extraordinarily wise man or nation knows how to resist the subtle temptations of power. And we are not extraordinarily wise or extraordinarily good, but rather a nation of plain ordinary human beings who have the luck to be in the Western Hemisphere rather than in the Eastern. For settling Europe's affairs we possess in consequence just one extraordinary qualification—extraordinary ignorance. Shall we embark on a new crusade? So be it, but first, "Physician, heal thyself."

HENRY R. MUSSEY.

The Joy of Life

XVIII.

My last week's article in this series (No. XVII) has received two diverse and very interesting criticisms. The contributor of one of these was very favorably impressed with my writing, his only regret being that I had added the last two sentences. He would have the article close with: "Imponderable mystery; deep and unfathomable secret—the relation of human life to the cosmic whole." The two sentences which follow this, regarding faith reaching out "to grasp what reason beclouds with doubt" he looks upon as a compromise to popular religious doctrines. "If organic matter on this planet is a fungus growth (and he believes it so to be), then let us dissipate childish fancies, and face the inevitable without compromise," says this disciple of the new school in literature. My other critic viewed my writing from an entirely different angle.

"Western civilization," says this philosophic thinker, who finds truth to be relative to the service which it renders, "owes its progress largely to the fact that its peoples have labored under the impression that they were of supreme value. The note which you have struck in your article is typically oriental. The despair and inertia of the East is a resultant of its acceptance of this philosophy of the weakness and insignificance of the human race. To voice such is to slow the wheels of progress." My second critic then went on to assert that although my supposition is plausible, only harm can result by giving it expression, in that it fails to contribute to the enhancement and enlargement of life. To break down a concept which, where maintained, magnifies in the eyes of man his own structural worth and the supreme value of human consciousness is to undermine the truth, when truth is interpreted in terms of that which works for the betterment of mankind.

These criticisms are so poignant that, although I have no desire to defend my former article, I do desire to share with my readers opinions so creditably taken and so rich in content. It is illuminating to note that my first critic takes the artist's point of view. Writing is for him a form of self-expression the same as sculpture or painting. To cater to the capriciousness of popular demand is to stoop from the high ideal of art for its own sake—the noble, unchecked outburst of one's deepest reflections and emotions—to a mere recasting of time worn images. Neither the desires nor the seeming needs of the public must be used as a criterion by which to judge the merits of a piece of writing, but rather the question: What is it the writer has tried to express, and has he done his work better or worse than others who have undertaken the same task? The writer's only concern is an artistic presentation of the image which he wishes to present. Its effect on society need not concern him, for it is reasonable to assume that any thoughts which he may have, will, through being expressed, help to keep evenly balanced the scales of public sentiment. Complete harmony and understanding in this great social order can only be permanently assured through absolute freedom for individual expression. "From the common melting-pot of ideas," says my first critic, "society must select its ethical norms. Contributors to that pot need not discriminate. They must be left free to throw in all their psychic wares."

To this my second critic replies: The value of a piece of information, therefore of any writing presenting information, is to be found in the extent to which it contributes to the ennobling of life. Art is no exception to this criterion. To give expression to concepts which have no validity in the sense of being useful to mankind, is analogous to voicing falsehood, for what human experience has proven detrimental to the best interests of the race becomes thereby untrue. And neither a writer nor his reading public can be benefited through the expression of fallacious con-

cepts. "The test of the true and worthy," says my second critic, "must be found in its serviceableness to mankind; and no writer can in justice either to himself or society, waste his time on material which is false because of its uselessness if not its harmfulness; its inability to minister to the enrichment of human experience."

Having made clear the point of view maintained by each of my critics, I will call on Mr. Hutchinson's Mark Sabre to close the controversy with his familiar, ". . . he's right from how he looks at it, and it's no good saying he's wrong."

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

The World Unrest

The victory of the Turks over the Greeks once again calls attention to the turmoil in which the world finds itself as the result of the great war. The colored peoples throughout Asia and Africa, as well as the Brahmanists and Mohammedans, are in an attitude of revolt against the white peoples and against European civilization. This attitude of discontent and rebellion may be said to have begun with the victory of the Japanese over the Russians, and it has been strongly emphasized by the driving out from Anatolia of the Greeks by the Turks. The Russian revolution, the collapse of Austria and Germany, the revolution by the Fascisti in Italy, the military domination in France and the threatened bankruptcy of that country, the unemployment in Great Britain, as well as recently in the United States, the strikes that have disrupted industries and business, have all served in their degree to breed discontent and turmoil.

Those who are convinced that civilization is threatened, that the present social and political order must collapse, have much to justify their fears. If this disruption of the present order of industrial and political development marked the limit of the discontent, there would be little occasion for fear; but the fact is that the unrest is world-wide, that it is racial and religious, and that it brings many peoples into serious conflict with each other. The peoples of the Oriental religions have come to hate and to despise the Western religions and what they represent in the way of imperialistic domination of the other races of the world. In China, India, Mesopotamia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt and Anatolia Western civilization and religion are regarded as selfish; aggressive, brutal and domineering. In all these countries as well as in many others in both Asia and Africa, Great Britain, France and Italy, as well as Germany, Russia and the United States have been exploiting the colored races and securing dominion over them by means of aggressive force. The victories won by Japan and Turkey have aroused all these peoples to believe that they, too, can drive out the invaders. The agitation in India, the vast influence acquired there by Mahatma Gandhi, indicate what is the extent and significance of this wide-spread and persistent revolt against Western aggression.

In the world of politics nationalism has been the dominating influence throughout the last century. In connection with the industrial revolution, it has brought the European nations into conflict with each other, and led to the great war. It has given imperialism its justification, its aggressive domination over weaker peoples, and its disregard of all interests except its own. It has partitioned out the world of Asia and Africa between three or four European nations; and its grip on the colored peoples of these vast regions grows more domineering instead of relaxing. The allies in the great war promised that the weaker peoples should be favored with democratic rule, and declared that the war was being waged for the sake of the smaller nations. These glowing promises have been wholly forgotten since the armistice. Any demand on the part of India, Syria or Arabia that these promises should be fulfilled has only led to more aggression and to a tighter hold on these regions, as well as several others. Great Britain, France, and Italy have forgotten all pledges, the aid given them in the great war and the high hopes which they held out to these several peoples that a new attitude was to be developed towards the peoples and races that were held in subjection. These promises have not been carried out, even in mere appearance.

In so far as the revolt against imperialism and Western domination has taken a definite form, it has worked itself out in three directions. In no small degree it has taken the direction of a dislike of the white races by the colored races. Imperialism has been peculiarly and emphatically an affair of the white European races; and it has been especially directed against the brown, black and yellow peoples. Although Japan has come to take a place with the great Western nations, and to prove as imperialistic as any of them, yet the European powers have been more than once on the point of dividing China between them. Probably this would have been done had it not been for Japan and the United States. The will to this action still remains, and it may yet be carried out unless China arouses to her own defense. Already she is largely under the suzerainty of Japan. Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine and Egypt have been parcelled out between Great Britain and France.

Nationalism has found its way into Asia from Europe, and it has inspired the Turks to their victory over the Greeks. It has given the Japanese a place in the world alongside the other great imperialistic nations. The nationalistic spirit is flaming up in many parts of Asia, and it is demanding self-government, as well as democratic rule.

This revolt is racial as well as nationalistic. Not only the Turks, but also the Mongols, Tartars, Arabs, and Egyptians are seeking alliances along racial lines. There has developed a Pan-Turk, a Pan-Arab, a Pan-Mongol demand for autonomy, for unity of action against their aggressors, as the only means by which they can secure liberty and self-government. These tendencies towards nationalism and racial federation are complicated by religious demands; and there has arisen a Pan-Islamic search for unity of action. The followers of Mohammed are intensely devoted to their own religion, and more than once they have threatened a *Jehad* or holy-war against their enemies.

To most westerners these movements seem to be insignificant, and as not likely to lead to any organized and systematic attempts at driving the whites and Christians out of Asia. Quite a different opinion is held by Mr. Lothrop Stoddard in his "The Rising Tide of Color," and his "The New World of Islam." Whether we agree with Mr. Stoddard's conclusions

or not, the fact is that he has brought together in these two books a large body of facts of a most interesting and significant nature. He has searched widely through the works of travellers, the reports of residents in Oriental lands, the most recent articles in the periodical literature of Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and other countries, for the facts he presents in his books. His quotations from these sources are numerous, and he makes skilful use of them in his pages. He makes it most evident that the revolt already mentioned extends throughout Asia and Africa, that it is deep-seated, and that it threatens serious results, not only in India, but in most other regions in these continents. A new life is awakening in many Asiatic and African lands, partly the result of contact with Western civilization, the incoming of the new industrial methods, the influence of modern culture and science; but also owing to the arousing power of religion among the Mohammedans and Brahmanists. Islam has spread widely in both Asia and Africa, is at once aggressive and culturally fitted to the needs of these peoples. Mahatma Gandhi has shown us what is the power in the Hindu religion when it is awakened by a great and impassioned prophet.

All these tendencies are most clearly brought out by Mr. Stoddard, with ample illustrations of how they arose, what they indicate in the way of future action, the nature of the leaders, and the force of the ideas they represent. Few more informing books have appeared in recent years. Anyone who wishes to know what is going on in the world beyond our own immediate ken, what may be the future of great world movements in the domains of industry, politics, union of races, and religion, cannot afford to ignore these books. Mr. Stoddard's ideas as to race, heredity and eugenics may not be acceptable to all his readers; and they are in many respects of a most debatable nature. He is an enthusiast in these respects, and his conclusions often border on fanaticism. The worth of his books, however, does not lie in these directions, but in the mass of information he has collected in them in regard to conditions in Asia and Africa. Nowhere else can this information be secured in so compact and telling presentation.

In a more recent book,* "The Revolt Against Civilization: The Menace of the Under Man," Mr. Stoddard has stated his theories in regard to race and heredity in an argument that is interesting, if not by any means convincing. That book will form the subject of another article. However, in our criticism of his conclusions as to the under man we must not lose sight of the service he has rendered us in his massing of information in regard to conditions in Asia and Africa, the awakening of religious enthusiasm in those continents, and the aroused demand for political and social freedom in many of these lands. The colored peoples wish to be free, and they are eagerly discussing how that result can be secured. The Arabs and the Hindus are in the throes of a great religious revival. New industrial conditions are appearing all over these continents. What is to be the outcome of all these movements? Mr. Stoddard has given us the information on which an intelligent answer to this question may be based. That is the merit of his books.

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

*New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Thirty Thousand White Crosses Gleaming Beautiful in the White Moonlight

(Two Voices.)

I.

Here we are, then, brother.
Let us alight awhile from our speeding airplane, and look.
Then we will step aboard again, and go on to other similar fields and gentle hill-slopes, all of wonder and beauty,—
For there are seven of these rare plots of Holy Ground —affection-brooded sanctuaries!—set apart, and treasure-filled, and consecrated,—all within easy reach in our airship.

II.

But what is it we are here looking at? What is this you have brought me to see? I don't understand.
What are all these acres on acres of gleaming white crosses?

I.

This is the Meuse-Argonne cemetery, at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon;
And we shall go on, in a few moments, to the St. Mihiel cemetery at Thiaucourt;
Thence to the burial-field at Belleau Wood; also to the one at Fere-en-Tardinois, and to the Somme cemetery at Bony.
There will then still remain two, the one at Waeregham in Flanders Field, and the one at Suresnes, close by Paris.

II.

This one which you say is the Meuse-Argonne cemetery is certainly wonderful, now that our eyes are growing accustomed to the moonlight quietly brooding over it.
I gaze and gaze.
I have always loved to wander in noble cemeteries,— for their beauty and quietude, and to meditate on the happy and serene life that might come to all, young and old alike, and the happy and serene death that might be for all, if conditions were only as men have it in their power to make them —if they really would so make them! . . .
But about these cemeteries now and here:
How many mortal frames, once radiant with health and bloom, now peaceful in their long repose, are here included in these several "God's Acres" you are wishing me to see?

I.

Altogether, there are now more than thirty thousand here.
But all these are many fewer than a half of those of the same country's birth who died in this fair region hereabout;—
They number more than five-and-forty thousand whose dear forms have been returned to fill America's loved shrines, where proud affection has prepared their long memorial.

II.

The mystery deepens. The sad wonder grows. Not yet do I understand.
"Returned to America," you say? Indeed I find your words beyond me.
I supposed at first, when here we just alighted, these buried ones were all of France's own, from her warm hearths and hospitable homes, and that thus the endless windrows and procession of these graves before us would not seem so great, including old and young since time long past,—swift years through which successive generations rise and fall.
Why is it that you said "America"?

I.

It is quite evident that you do not apprehend at all, as yet, what you are looking at!
These are not graves of aged and of babes, nor did the deaths of those who here make sacred this new-hallowed ground accumulate through long-extended periods of time.
The many thousands of these low green tents that here are spread in beauty for the eye, give rest forever to the sturdy frames of young and virile men, all, all of whom died here in youth's fresh Spring, all vanishing within a few short months,—hundreds of them, at times, nay, thousands, in a single day, and often in an hour.
And other thousands, lured from other lands,—twice six times over,—a full dozen times outnumbering all these rare Americans,—boys just as brave and fair to those who loved them,—boys as dear and true as these,—died with them in those speedy hours.
Yes, all as one, the finest of the race, the flower of lofty, longing human years, the picked ones from the millions of the mass,—no weak or halt or cowardly in all their ranks,—the hopeful, healthy, able ones in mind and soul, those fit to breed the race's needed tribe of better, nobler kind,—all died together in those swift dread months.

II.

Still more the mystery deepens. How shall I understand!
Why were all these young and noble gathered here from around the world, for slaughter?—for no less than slaughter, surely, was the deed.
Or was it some prodigious natural convulsion—tidal, volcanic, seismic—that seized them, hurled them, whirled them, hurried them to death?
It cannot be that ages of old time returned, bringing some pitiless, fierce, ravenous Minotaur of Crete, to whom these young and beautiful were sacrificed, to feed a brute's rapacity?
What dire necessity, or lust, obsessed the hearts of men—if men indeed had mind and hand in it—that these, the young, should thus again, as in the epochs past of crudest barbarism, be made as human seed to pass through the fire to Moloch?
Or was it some untamable and vast Goliath raging through the land, some mighty, soul-less giant, using a giant's strength as giant only, and lacking human heart?
Patience! for still I do not understand, and fain once more would question:
Was it some monster Frankenstein-machine, some veritable iron colossus, in which no soul but soul of iron could be fast-riveted, and which, once dreamed of, then upbuilt, could not be chained, but turned and wreaked on man himself, its maker, the vengeance of the iron hell which man, in lieu of soul, had first in vision of hate or envy, in his mind conceived, and then fast-welded in the senseless thing he called to being?
I do not understand.

I.

Nay, it was none of these,—no cosmic cataclysm; no ancient myth come actually true; no fabled dragon, giant, or false god; no insane contrivance of inventive fiction;—
Yet was it as terrible as all these together!
These deaths were willed by men,—by brother-men. Men caused these youths to sink to their dread doom.
Your soul-less, heartless Frankenstein-chimera is not so false a trope. And when the vile machine of iron gained its head, it bit and clawed and smote, and spat out molten steel, and puffed out deadly noxious gas, till the bodies of these, the thousands of dear boys whose dust lies here,—whose shattered forms rest peacefully now beneath these moonlit crosses of the Christ,—were torn to shreds, their heads and limbs and entrails spattering the ground and hanging on the boughs of riven trees and on wire-entangled barricades,—the voices of some of them, as they died in torture, raised in the agonized curses of delirium against both God and man, as they strained blood-blinded eyes toward heaven; and some with prayers and hymns and loving thoughts for distant friends upon their parched and quivering lips, as they sank rent and sundered,—shattered, shriveled.
All this, I say, accomplished by no ruthless legendary beast, nor cosmic ruption, nor fantastic ogre of man's dreams,—but willed by men!
By kings and emperors on their thrones;
By statesmen in their cabinets;
By generals in their war-offices, with maps and plans before them;
By chemists in their laboratories and steel-makers in their mills;—
All of them never approaching near, and intending never to approach near, to the hell of the actual holocaust.

II.

Ah! none of them, then, are lying here!

I.

No, not one of them;—not one of them is lying here. They are still living, or most of them are living.
Some of them, it is true,—a few of them,—fled, or were banished, into "exile," so-called,—luxurious exile,—
But still are they marrying and giving in marriage;
Feasting, in various lands, and writing memoirs, or soon to write such,—memoirs of the part they played in the horror they brought about;
Others traveling pleasantly over the earth, enjoying themselves generally,—
All of them, or most all of them, still in the land of the living.

II.

And all these lads reposing here, who were caused to suffer this mad Titan clash of hate and envy, are dead!

Ah! I begin at last to understand:

The world was on fire,—a fire up-lit by men,—and all these brave lads sped here as would-be saviours! They came hurrying across seas, from homes of comfort, and from lands of peace, to help a witless but stricken world to save itself from itself!

Sublime endeavor! . . .

But now a mightier problem rises, and again I do not understand.

They came to save the world!

They came that the world, instead of having death, might have life, and have it more abundantly.

But how could this strange world we know so well for wilfulness and foolishness and fickleness, have been so finally foolish, futile, wilful, mad, inconstant and incontinent, as even to choose very death itself, at last, and set itself in flames!

I do not understand.

But ah! Take heart, take hope! And blow, blow loud and clear, you trumpets of the Dawn!

Of course through all this agony and shame, a new and holier world was gained for man!

The war, of course, was to make end to war—and war is ended now!

The war, of course, was for divine democracy—and democracy now rules throughout the world!

And men, of course,—yea, all men everywhere,—are happy now, at last, and prosperous and blest.

I.

Oh no! Oh no! Oppression, poverty, and war still thrive.

Famine and starvation, beyond any previous recorded horror of their kind, stalk more abroad. For a single instance,—reported recently by the Associated Press,—among the hundreds of thousands who have perished in various lands through hunger; from lack of even one fragment more of bark or straw or dung from which to gain a last sad grain of nourishment,—one hundred and seventeen Russian children shot by official order to end their suffering, they being putrid with glanders from having eaten diseased horse-flesh,—the only eatable thing they had,—and glanders being as yet an incurable distemper in humans.

A score of once mighty cities, through the lands, are in despair and growing dilapidation, betokening their gradual decline and fall, as once with mighty cities of old time,—great Tyre, and Nineveh, and Babylon, and ancient Rome.

Hatred and distrust, and massacre of the weak, still abound.

Munitions, and explosives, and smothering chemicals, of power a thousand-fold above the past,—instruments of death of all imaginable kinds for a speedy "next war,"—are being hopefully piled up, in open or in secret.

II.

My God! What are you saying!

And what, then, are all these lads lying here for?

What did the death of all of them amount to?

I.

Nothing! It amounted to nothing! Nothing in the least—except this:

See! thirty thousand white crosses gleaming beautiful in the white moonlight! . . .

"Beauty is its own excuse." . . .

Thirty thousand of them!—thirty thousand gleaming white crosses for American lads alone.

Altogether, throughout France and Belgium, counting the lads of all nations,—more than a million such crosses; while nearly nine million others,—young men from all the fighting lands together, killed in this same war,—lie sleeping hither and yon without even a cross above them like one of these.

See! See! are they not wondrous in their beauty, in the still evening radiance,—these thousands of white crosses here, under the glimmering, shimmering starlight?

And there might have been many more!

Let us not forget this;—there might have been many more, and would have been if every leader had had his will.

One of Christ's ministers of love to man, only the other day, in America,—

An army chaplain,—date of his address, November 17, in the year of the Prince of Peace one thousand nine hundred and twenty-two, and of the independence of the United States of America one hundred and forty-seven,—

His address spoken under the gilded Dome of the Massachusetts State House,—

("Massachusetts! there she stands! God bless her!")—

Declared, as others have declared before him, and as still others, no doubt, will declare after him,

That the war ended too soon!

And the morning press, the next day, in its report of the meeting, mentioned with naive interest that his affirmation was "tinged with regret."

Hark! Is it only imagination, or do I really hear the moans and groans and ravings that seem this moment to come to my ear, as I think of the thousands of hospitals that still throng all lands to-day, and which will throng them for a generation yet, filled with their great quota of wrecks from the twenty millions of "wounded only,"—young fellows once sturdy and strong, who, in this same war, were not mercifully killed outright, but now exist on and on in interminable misery, —in a living death,—legless, armless, eyeless, faceless,—or, in hundreds of asylums for the insane, stand gibbering and shuddering, or beating their bandaged heads and limbs against the walls of their chambers, as in frenzied and fearful memory they again smell the smoke and fire and smothering gas, and seem again to hear the hiss and feel the dreadful shock of the hurtling bombs or bayonet-thrusts that brought them to their present pass?

In comparison, how blissful these who lie here!

Look! see how the quivering light of the moon seems to sway and dance above this sacred field before us, caressing as with a mother's tender smile these thousands upon thousands of the white Christ's white crosses!

II.

My God! My God! Again that is all I can say: my God!

And still—still I don't understand. I don't understand.

And more than I, it seems to me, and higher than I,
as above the earth is the sky, must fail to understand,—
Though devils in glee
Perhaps might gather the wraith of a glimmer;—
For I am thinking (and this is what I would say), that
even a God, if such be,
And if he can listen and feel and see,
Would shudder and shrink, and flee
With shriek and groan,
To somewhere,—anywhere,—back of his throne,
Where darkness was duller and dimmer,
And there in the gloom toss up his hand
In fright at the world he had planned,—
Even wishing to die,
As he murmured and muttered with anguished sigh,
"Even I—even I—
The God of earth and angels and sky,
Don't understand!"

JAMES HARCOURT WEST.

The Church of Greece at the Present Time

The term "Church of Greece" corresponds identically to the term "Church of England." Just as the Church of England is a part of the Protestant denomination and a sister member of other ecclesiastical bodies independent and distinct in themselves from an administrative point of view, so the Church of Greece is an independent and distinct body in fellowship with the other branches of the Eastern Orthodox Faith. Some of these are the Patriarchates of Constantinople, of Alexandria, of Jerusalem, the independent Churches of Servia and Bulgaria, the erstwhile independent Church of Russia, the Church of Mount Sinai, etc.

The Church of Greece differs from that of England in that it is a State Institution with its presiding Archbishop or Metropolitan and executive or synodical council under the absolute control of the State. It has jurisdiction only over the religious affairs of the citizens of Greece wherever they are and its relations with the other branches of the Eastern Orthodox Faith are those of an equal before an equal. The office of the presiding Metropolitan although an elective one, has to be confirmed by the Crown.

This status was established soon after the independence of Greece in 1830. Before that date, the Patriarchate of Constantinople was the mother church and the presiding one. Ever since that time the Greek government has contributed financially to the treasury of the Patriarchate.

The number of persons within the wing of the Church of Greece is the entire population of the Kingdom, something like 6,000,000 as Greek citizens of other denominations are indeed very few. For example, there are about 25,000 Roman Catholics, 50,000 Jews and probably 10,000 Protestants and Turks combined.

From an intellectual standpoint, the Church of Greece as well as all the branches of the Eastern Orthodox Church are precisely what they always were; there has not been the slightest spiritual movement except a few important and single handed attempts here and there. The psychology of a Greek, the sentimentalism arising out of the enmity of Islam and political reasons have been and are the contributing causes for the indifference or awe with which a modern Greek regards this ancient institution. A distinctive feature is the fact that although a priest must be a married man, any higher dignitary must be a bachelor.

It is not by any means an exaggeration to mention that the ritual of this church is astonishingly one of form and even idolatry in some instances. The absorption of the Greek people in the demands of national aspiration and in the fundamental requirements of the general reconstruction of their fatherland is the reason why the guardians of the spiritual life of the country have been left to themselves and have shown, with rare exception, that a national and a social institution can be exploited so as to become an ordinary and hardly inspiring occupational field. The ordination of an ordinary priest by the territorial bishop is usually thought of as an important commercial venture.

Conditions in United States especially have become most alarming in spite of some efforts on the part of the former Archbishop of Athens and now Patriarch Ecumenical, M. Metaxakes, to improve them when he was in this country first in 1918 and in 1921. This official, by the way, is the latest Eastern proponent of the unification of Orthodoxy and the Anglicans.

Some of the most ignorant priests have immigrated from the old country and have invaded many of the prosperous Greek Communities; unfortunately, the majority of the weekly Greek papers or magazines support them, negatively if not always positively, and the result is that only few can be found who can handle the English language freely or whoever have anything else as their uppermost thought except the desire to make their "dollars" and to be a *"persona grata"* with the various local leaders who are unspeakably flattered by the condition.

Furthermore, they have lately had such a division between themselves, aggravated by the political turmoil of the old country, that, one will find this "Reverend" a Royalist and the other "Reverend" a Venizelist or goodness knows what; endless litigations have sprung up in the American courts because of this discord.

Those who belong to the Venizelist group politically are the strongest in this country and declare allegiance to the Patriarchate of Constantinople, presided over now by the same M. Metaxakes and represented here by the Most Rev. Alexander of East 72nd Street, New York City. Out of a total of about 140 communities, they control 80. The other faction, Royalist politically, maintains allegiance to the Church of Greece presided over by the Archbishop of Athens and represented in this country by the Right Rev. G. Trojanos also of New York City. He is particularly accused by his opponents of having ordained for the priesthood a superfluous number of unfit persons, and of being the chief cause of the lamentable dissensions. The recent revolution, however, has removed the friction between the Patriarchate and the Church of Greece so that Trojanos holds no official appointment, his recall having been ordered without result.

The only hopeful sign, at least for the churches in the United States, is the fact that the friction between the Venizelist priests and the Royalist ones may become so disgusting as to cause the parishioners to

open their eyes and do something really progressive. A solution not at all bad would be the absolute independence of each local church in matters mechanical and administrative and consequently the total severance of all relations with either the Church of Constantinople or that of Athens. Although Greeks are naturally tolerant of other religions, the priesthood and their superiors will bite their tongue rather than hear of a Greek accepting any other Christian denomination. "Faith and Fatherland" has been the unfortunate motto of the Greek people for numberless years.

There has been, since the establishment of Greece as an independent kingdom, a saddening sterility of theological thought and what is more important of liberal theological thinking. The only exception worthy of historical mention is presented by the case of a Theophilos Ka-i-res who was born in the island of Andros and who made himself heard during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. He formulated his ideas of religious rationalism through writing and preaching until he was overpowered by the united opposition of Church and State and was thrown into prison from which he never saw the rays of the sun again. He would certainly have been a liberal theologian for even a Protestant school; for Greek Orthodoxy it can easily be imagined that he was a thinker of the most radical kind and as such he fought against a mountain of authoritative tradition. Nevertheless, he has not died without leaving some significant fruit.

Another isolated and hopeless gesture toward ecclesiastical emancipation took place in 1912 by a group of citizen teachers who also went too far at one single time. They, like their forerunners were promptly silenced and punished by the combined fists of State and Church.

Such is in short the general view of the Church of Greece at the present time, a view admittedly not complimentary or encouraging to lovers of the regeneration of the Greek people but after all not void of possibilities for a future and a more balanced awakening. It is the opinion of the writer that many of the shortcomings of the country in general are traceable to the influence of the cloak which in turn finds its food because of the all-engaging nationalism of the Greek people; at the same time I must not conclude this little sketch before I call attention to one redeeming feature so far as the personnel of the Church of Greece is concerned. This is the entire absence of anti-Semitism throughout the Greek world and the serenity of relations between the numerous Jewish element of Greece and its native population; this, it seems to me, is partly at least due to the Greek clergy and if they deserve any credit they may have it so far as the writer is concerned.

GEORGE SARANTIDES.

What Is Your City's Health Worth?

The board of aldermen of the city of Hamilton sat in the aldermanic chamber poring over the mass of figures dealing with the budget for 1922. They were discussing the budget of the board of health and the Mayor was saying:

What's the use of listening to those tuberculosis people and their plea for a full-time health officer? Old Doc Ward is good enough. He'll do what we want him to do and we can get him for half the money that one of these new-fangled health officer chaps from the school will cost. Besides, if we don't put the money into the health department, we can have all the more to use on roads and pavements.

As he finished speaking, a stranger with a gaunt and hungry appearance arose from the seats reserved for the public. He had heard the Mayor's remarks and in a voice that seemed to come almost from the grave he spoke:

Say, Mr. Mayor, I'll tell you what's the use. I might have been worth a hundred thousand dollars to this here town if you would've been on the job ten years ago and had had a decent health officer, a decent way of preventing tuberculosis, and had told me what I ought to have known. I had a good job, I was beginning to produce in large sums for the city and could have added a lot of money to its wealth. Look at me now! I ain't worth a nickel and what's more, you have got to keep me. I am not an asset. I am a liability. Say, Mr. Mayor, multiply me with a hundred or more and you will see whether it is any use!

He staggered out of the room, his message told, and the board sat in silence for a few moments. A representative from the fifth ward finally spoke:

That fellow's right. It pays to prevent disease and when you get right down to brass tacks, the city's wealth is not in its pavements nor its fire department, nor its schools, nor its factories, nor its banks, but in the health of its citizens. We have got to provide means for preventing tuberculosis and I shall vote for a health officer and for all the other things that the tuberculosis society wants. I am not going to take a chance of letting my kids grow up to be a wreck like that fellow and I don't think you want to either.

This scene in the aldermanic chamber of Hamilton shows what a city's health is worth. Hundreds of American communities depleted industrially by the plague of malaria, yellow fever, hookworm, typhoid fever and other diseases have come to realize that drainage, sewage, good water supply, proper milk control, good health supervision, public health nursing, education regarding disease prevention, and all of the other things that go to make up a healthful city are not fads nor follies, nor are they the wild fancies of "reformers." They are sound business economics and it pays any city to put its money into them.

Take for example the Panama Canal as an outstanding illustration. The whole project of the Panama Canal was not worth anything until Gorgas found a way to make it healthful for the workers to dig the Great Ditch. The health of the workers, in other words, was more fundamental than the millions appropriated by Congress. The same applies to a shoe factory, a fire department, a public school, or a city as a whole.

Within the last twenty years the average life of men and women in the United States has been increased by the proper application of community health measures, five years. Granting that the average citizen, taking the country as a whole, produces only about $100 a year in net wealth for his community, which from every indication is a ridiculously low estimate, this increase in life of five years for the entire population of over 100,000,000 people represents a clear addition to the wealth of the United States of at least fifty billion dollars. Think of it! Fifty billion dollars, or nearly twice the public debt of the United States of America.

Localize that to your city. Take one single disease alone—tuberculosis. Statistics prepared by the National Tuberculosis Association show that if this one single cause of death could be eliminated we could add

2½ years on an average to every human life in the United States and we could add to the wealth of the United States 25 billion dollars. In other words, here is a preventable disease. The way to control it has been shown by repeated demonstrations. It is costing 100,000 lives a year in the United States at the present time. It means a loss to the present generation of 25 billion dollars. Is it worth while to control it?

Apply these figures to a city of 100,000 and see what happens. If tuberculosis could be eliminated from a city of 100,000 as a cause of death, what would it mean? In the first place, it would mean a saving of 100 lives a year, at the present death rate. If in any city of 100,000 people, 100 persons were trapped in a burning building and they could be saved by the application of skill and money, is there any sum that could be set by human imagination that would be too great to save those hundred people? This analogy is needless probably.

Then in the second place, the community would get rid of the constant burden of at least 1,000 active cases of tuberculosis. Think of 1,000 consumptives in a city of 100,000 and that is not an exaggerated estimate of the number. It is based on sound experience. What are their potentialities for harm in spreading disease? What are the sufferings to themselves and their families? What are the losses in doctor bills, nursing care, community supervision, and in a thousand other ways?

In the third place, removing tuberculosis from the community would add 2½ years to every life, or to put it another way, it would add to the city's wealth a clear $25,000,000.

But the question arises—can it be done? And in answer we may say that it can and very definitely that it can. Here is Framingham, Mass., for example, where for over five years the National Tuberculosis Association has been conducting a special demonstration to show that it can. In that length of time the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced from 121 to 40 per 100,000, a cut of 67%. What Framingham has done any other city can do, and more; for without doubt the death rate in Framingham has not yet reached the lowest level possible. Tuberculosis can be almost eliminated from that community, it at least can be reduced to a very low minimum. The time is coming when it will be a disgrace for any American community to have a death rate from tuberculosis of over 10 or 20 per 100,000 just as it is a disgrace for cities today to have a death rate of over 5 per 100,000 from typhoid fever. Less than 25 years ago scores of American communities had death rates from typhoid fever ranging as high as 125 per 100,000. The application of scientific measures has reduced the death rate to its present low level. The same thing can be done with tuberculosis.

What will it cost, of course, is a question that rises at least in the minds of the citizens. Framingham figures would seem to indicate that the job can be done for an average cost of about $2.00 per year per capita. In an ordinary American community of 100,000 population with its present death rate it might take ten years to do the job. Supposing it did, the total cost would not be over $2,000,000. The net saving to the community would approximate $23,000,000. Looking at it as a business investment, is it worth while to any American community of 100,000 people to save that amount of money in ten years? What would it mean to the taxpayers? What would it mean in health and happiness as well as in wealth?

The national, state and local tuberculosis associations of the United States are carrying on with the aid of the Tuberculosis Christmas Seal a gigantic campaign of health, education and organization. The purpose of this campaign is to show the people of the United States how tuberculosis can be controlled. Every Christmas seal that you buy helps to save human lives. Buy liberally this year. The need is great, the possibilities are greater.

CORRESPONDENCE

Aged Red Cross Nurses in Need of Your Help

Dear Friends:

Allow me to keep your attention for a few moments away from the present.

In the year 1854 when the Crimean war was raging there were two sisterly souls who worked in the same spirit. They were Florence Nightingale of England and the Grand Duchess Helen Pavlovna of Russia. The latter organized the first Sisterhood of Nurses in the name of the Exaltation of the Cross. From 1894 the Sisterhood became affiliated with the Red Cross. Many thousand nurses have passed through its schools, many new sisterhoods have been created, numberless lives have been saved by the well trained, high spirited nurses in time of war just as in time of peace. The first Sisterhood owned its hospital, dispensary and nurses home. Some twenty years ago a special home for aged and sick Red Cross nurses was added. A spacious building with every modern comfort was erected.

I visited it a few days ago. It is kept immaculately clean and orderly. It is accommodating a hundred and seven old nurses, the youngest of whom is forty-nine, the oldest eighty-six years of age. Not one has worked less than twenty-eight years, many more than fifty. All of them are invalids. Some are blind, some are paralyzed, many have serious heart trouble. During the last years "the little Sisters," as they are commonly called, have suffered all kinds of privations. Even now many of them have no shoes or rubbers. Their *monthly* ration at present is:

2½ lbs. salted fish,
1¼ lbs. meat,
2 lbs. cereal,
2½ lbs. dried peas,
¾ lb. salt,
21 lbs. flour.

Twice last year they were given butter, ¾ of a lb. each time. Notice, please, that a Russian pound is about ¾ of an American pound. This little list speaks for itself.

If you feel like helping these helpless, grey haired Sisters, shivering from old age and perhaps hunger, if you consider worthy those who lost their health during long years of most useful, unselfish, devotional life, send them food drafts through the A. R. A. and be sure that you are sustaining some of the noblest of women who worked hard and gained nothing but the bloody little cross on their very hearts.*

Please address all donations to: The Headnurse, V. A. Bogdanoda, Fontanka 154, Petrograd, Russia

Very sincerely yours,
ALINA HUEBSCH,
Medical Social Worker (Petrograd),
Member of Community Church of New York.

* The Sisters wear red crosses on their aprons.

"Body and Spirit"

October 27, 1922.

Editor UNITY,

Considering the fact that UNITY is noted for its broad minded policy in dealing with questions pertaining to religion, I am submitting a reply to Harry Taylor's article entitled "Body and Spirit" which appeared in your issue of October 19, and ask the courtesy of your printing it.

Until we arrive at an absolute fact, a great deal of our reas-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION.

On arriving here from Australia I was shocked to find that the situation in Germany was growing rapidly worse. The collapse of the mark is carrying hundreds of thousands—and these the very best elements of the community, teachers, professional and salaried people—down to destitution and hunger—salaries ranging from 3 to 5 dollars a month for highly qualified people. This winter promises to be a desperate one.

I hope it will not be an impertinence to make a Christmas suggestion to my friends. . . . I called last week upon Mr. Hanns Gramm who is Director of the National Central Committee for Child Feeding. Many in America and England personally know Mr. Gramm and esteem him highly. This Committee is now taking care of all the Emergency Child Feeding in Germany.

When I met Mr. Gramm he said "he was made very happy this morning by a gift of 200 dollars from an American," now in Berlin (a resident of Los Angeles). "How many children will that money feed?" I asked. "That money will feed 150 children for 4 months," he replied. "So 10 dollars will feed 10 children for 3 months?" "Yes," he replied.

The suggestion is obvious. The need is very great. Should anyone wish to feed one, two, five, ten or fifty children for 3 months, it can be done by the same number of dollars. One dollar per child!

May I take the liberty of making it clear that the money should be sent in dollars, not marks. A personal check (on one's own bank), a New York or Chicago Draft made payable to Hanns Gramm, Director, and sent direct to him at No. 2, Dorotheen St., Berlin, will at once begin the work of child feeding—10 children for 3 months!

This is only a suggestion and carries with it a Christmas greeting!

SYDNEY STRONG.

Berlin, Nov. 20, 1922.

THE "BIBLIOTHEQUE ET MUSEE DE LA GUERRE"

Their Work and Objects.

The "Bibliothèque et Musée de la Guerre" established by a vote of Parliament and placed under the Direction of the Ministère de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts, is the French Official Library and Museum of the War. Its object is to collect, classify and catalogue the more important documents, books and objects of historical interest dealing with the war, its causes and results to preserve for posterity the complete record of these crucial years in the World's History.

The aim of the Library is not only scientific research, but also popular instruction. The library is open to the public; temporary and permanent exhibitions are arranged in the Museum.

The Library collects the official documents of all the Governments, belligerent and neutral; books and pamphlets dealing with the various aspects of the war, publications of auxiliary and volunteer organizations, magazines, newspapers and reviews, propaganda, maps, letters and diaries, statements of prisoners, etc. . . .

The Museum collects pictures, stamps, posters, drawings and sketches, photographs, models, games and toys made by the wounded, knick-knacks and the intimate souvenirs of all kinds associated with the armies of the prosecution of the war, or reflecting the life of the people in war-time.

The large collection which M. and Mme Henri Leblanc began in 1914 forms the foundation for the present library; their patriotic activity and bequest have secured for this institution much valuable material. That the success of the undertaking may be complete, the generous co-operation of all who possess objects of historical values is invited.

The British and American Section, being of recent creation is still very small and incomplete. It is the desire of the Director to make this section thoroughly representative of the mighty and victorious efforts of the British Empire and the United States.

Regular donations to the War Library and Museum, forming a lasting monument to the British and American nations, will make still more intimate the friendship between France and her Allies.

All communications and material should be sent to the following address: BIBLIOTHÈQUE ET MUSÉE DE LA GUERRE, 39 rue du Colisée, Paris (8ème).

Nicola Sacco and Bartholomeo Vanzetti, Italian radicals found guilty of murder by a Massachusetts jury, are awaiting the outcome of an application for a new trial. As one who attended their trial throughout and who later made a careful review of the evidence, I can affirm that the case for the prosecution was so weak and that for the defense so weighty as to make the verdict a patent miscarriage of justice—*Elizabeth Glendower Evans in "The Voice of the People."*

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oning is derived from mere personal opinions and therefore our deductions are subject to misapprehension or misstatement. I have read with pleasure Mr. Taylor's article and it is needless to point out that he is reasoning from the premise that matter is real and substantial, whereas Christian Science, following the teaching of Jesus, declares,—"It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing."

The assertion that "there is no separation of body and spirit in any healthy individual but that, on the contrary, the two are one and indivisible" is a statement of fact, but it brings up the question as to what is implied by the term body. Unless this is understood, the significance of Jesus' words is lost,—"Before Abraham was, I am." Surely in this statement Jesus could not have been referring to his fleshly body as the "I am." Was he not speaking about the spiritual truth which he knew to antedate Abraham and to be hid with Christ in God? Jesus himself, the prophets of old, the disciples of the first century, and those of later days, are pointing to God's creation as explained in the first chapter of Genesis—God—Elohim says,—"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." (Genesis 1:27.) In the second chapter the Lord God—Jehovah or the tribal God of the Jews says,—"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." Which of these versions is the truth about creation? Both cannot be. Jesus said,—"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free."

Just as soon as we begin to turn away from the belief that man is made from the dust of the ground and accept the spiritual truth as taught by Jesus, we shall understand that Spirit and body cannot be separated, and Mr. Taylor's words will take on a new significance.

Our critic further states that "Disease is nature's warning that the person diseased is living contrary to nature's laws; it means that nature is attempting to give warning by pain and suffering that a change of life is necessary." We agree with him that a change of life is necessary which means a transformation of thinking, but when he goes on to declare that "the attitude of the Christian Scientist, I believe, is fundamentally wrong because it ignores this warning of nature and seeks to assert the supremacy of mind and spirit regardless of the condition of the body" he again misinterprets the fact through misunderstanding of the premise. The Christian Scientist, contending with a disease of the material body, admits that he is experiencing it, but denies that it is of God. The "suppression" of disease referred to by Mr. Taylor, is simply the operation of mental suggestion or the carnal mind which Paul scathes so unmercifully, whereas a healing in Christian Science is an overcoming of the mortal assumption of authority by an understanding of spiritual truth which corrects the condition of disease engendered by false erroneous habits of thinking. The overcoming of all forms of sickness and suffering follows, as a natural sequence, the understanding of man's spiritual relationship with God. On page 197, of Miscellaneous Writings, Mrs. Eddy, explaining the following quotation, says:

> "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts xvi:31.
>
> "In order to comprehend the meaning of the text, let us see what it is to believe. It means more than an opinion entertained concerning Jesus as a man, as the Son of God, or as God; such an action of mind would be of no more help to save from sin, than would be a belief in any historical event or person. But it does mean so to understand the beauty of holiness, the character and divinity which Jesus presented in his power to heal and to save, that it will compel us to pattern after both; in other words, to 'let this Mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.' (Phil. ii:5.)"

Sincerely yours,

LONGLEY TAYLOR.

Christian Science Committee on Publication for Illinois.

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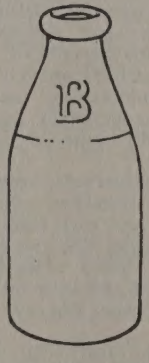

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